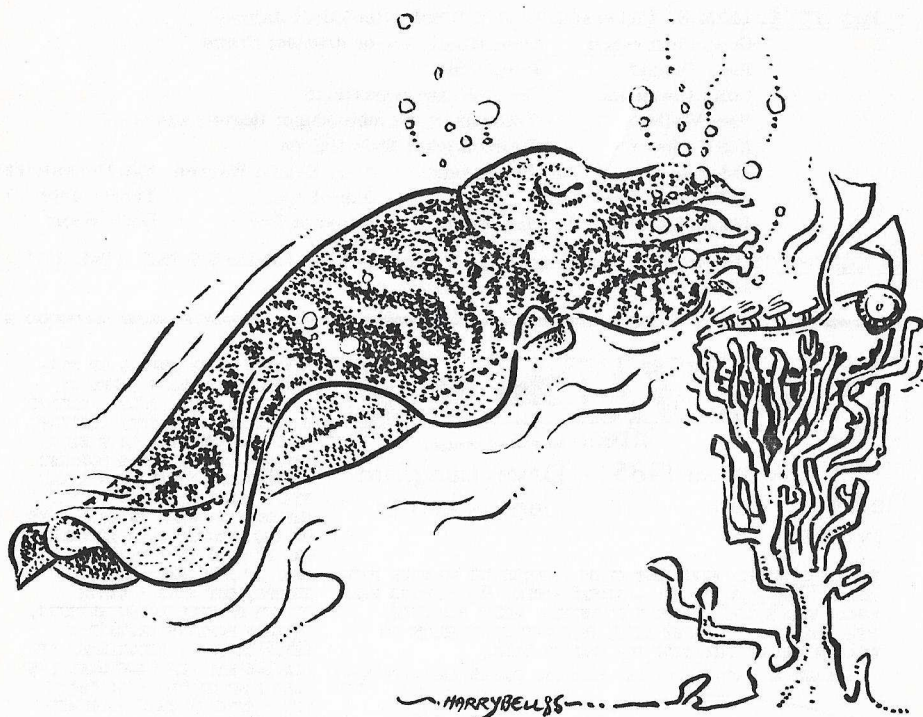


# **MEXICON 2**

*Royal Angus Hotel, Birmingham*  
*7-9 February 1986*



**Progress Report 3**

## MEXICON 2 - ESSENTIAL INFORMATION

- VENUE:** Royal Angus Hotel, St. Chad's Queensway, Birmingham B4 6HY.
- DATE,** Friday 7th to Sunday 9th February 1986.
- TIMES:** Noon Friday to late night Sunday.
- TO JOIN:** Send £9.00 to: Pam Wells, 24a Beech Road, Bowes Park, London N11 2DA. (Tel. (01) 889 0401.) Cheques, postal orders payable to Mexicon 2, please.
- ROOM** £17.50/night for single room, £17.00/person/night for double/twin room;
- RATES:** inclusive of private bathroom, tea & coffee making facilities, hairdryer, and voucher for either full English breakfast or lunch to the same value, and VAT. 200 beds available. Overflow facilities in the nearby Grand Hotel if necessary. BOOK BY 1ST DECEMBER 1985 to guarantee above rates.
- COMMITTEE:** Linda K. Pickersgill Chair; Hotel & technical liaison
- |                  |                                       |                    |                |
|------------------|---------------------------------------|--------------------|----------------|
| Greg Pickersgill | Operations; Co-ordination; Films      |                    |                |
| Paul Kincaid     | Programme                             |                    |                |
| Colin Greenland  | Programme consultant                  |                    |                |
| Pam Wells        | Treasurer; Memberships; Registrations |                    |                |
| Rob Jackson      | Publications; Quiz liaison            |                    |                |
| Abi Frost        | } Fan Programme and Fanzine Room      | Anne Hamill Warren | Fan Consultant |
| Christina Lake   |                                       | Anne Page          | Toastmaster    |
| Lilian Edwards   |                                       | Maureen Porter     | Book Room      |
- CORRESPONDENCE:** Linda Pickersgill, 7a Lawrence Rd., London W5 4XJ. (Tel. (01) 568 8174.)

## NOVACON

Fifteen GUESTS of HONOUR:

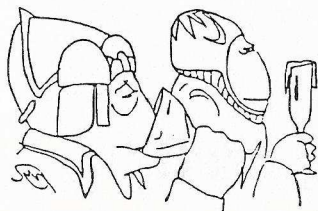
1<sup>st</sup>-3<sup>rd</sup> November 1985

De Vere Hotel  
Coventry

Dave Langford  
James White

**REGISTER NOW!!** SEND JUST £7.00 (CHEQUE OR PO MADE PAYABLE TO NOVACON 15) TO:— GRAHAM POOLE, 86 BEEWOOD FARM ROAD, WYLDE GREEN, SUTTON COLDFIELD, WEST MIDLANDS, B72 1AG...OR IF YOU'RE STILL IN DOUBT JUST WRITE TO GRAHAM AND HE WILL SEND YOU FULL DETAILS.

PROGRESS REPORT TWO AND BOOKING FORMS ARE OUT NOW!



NOVACON IS AN ANNUAL SF CONVENTION FEATURING TALKS BY FAMOUS AUTHORS, FILMS, DISCOS COMPETITIONS, PARTIES, QUIZZES REAL ALE AND LATE LATE BARS. NOVACON IS BRITAIN'S LONGEST RUNNING 'REGIONAL' CON & THE FIRST 'REGIONAL' CON TO 'GO NATIONAL' AS WELL AS BEING ONE OF THE LARGEST CONS IN EUROPE AND AS SUCH IT ATTRACTS NOT ONLY SF FANS FROM ALL OVER EUROPE, BUT ALSO A LARGE NUMBER OF WELL KNOWN AUTHORS. NOVACON REMAINS BRITAIN'S CHEAPEST FULLY PROGRAMMED SF CON AND HAS KEPT THE SAME £15 ROOM RATE SINCE 1983! (RATE PER PERSON IN TWIN ROOM WITH FULL ENGLISH BREAKFAST). NOVACON THIS YEAR CELEBRATES IT'S FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY AND WE INTEND TO CELEBRATE IN STYLE...IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT WE MEAN BY THAT YOU'D BEST REGISTER NOW SO THAT YOU WILL BE ONE OF THE LUCKY PEOPLE WHO CAN—

**COME TO THE PARTY!**



**PUBLICATIONS:** Rob Jackson, Chinthay, Nightingale Lane, Hambrook, Chichester, W. Sussex PO18 8UH. (Teo, (0243) 574242.) This is the third of four Progress Reports; the fourth, and the Programme Book, will be sent to members just before the convention. Cover art this PR: Harry Bell. Page 8: ATom.

**ADVERTISING:** Accepted in both Progress Reports and Programme Book. Rates below:

PR4:	Professional Fan/amateur	P'g'me Bk:	Professional Fan/amateur
Back cover	£20.00	Back cover	£30.00
Full page	£16.00	Full page	£25.00
Half page	£10.00	Half page	£13.00
Qtr. page	£6.00	Qtr. page	£7.00

Copy for both publications to be A4 for reduction to A5 page size, or proportions thereof. Allow 1" margins top and bottom, and  $\frac{3}{4}$ " at the sides. In PR4, only B&W copy suitable for Xeroxing on a high quality machine acceptable; but if you would like to advertise in the Programme Book and have unusual copy requirements, contact Rob Jackson at the address above. Deadline for both PR4 and the Programme Book: 1 December 1985. We reserve the right to decline adverts.

## **Mexicon 2 Goes UPTOWN**

OK, so I lied. We're not holding Mexicon 2 at the Strathallan Hotel in Birmingham. Due to a series of unforeseen events such as a managerial decision to halve the size of the main function room and an unfortunate clash between the Hitchhiker con and hotel staff (they just didn't get along) the Strathallan is no longer a suitable venue. You can imagine how well this bit of news went down when it reached me during the middle of my recent stay in New Orleans. Ever quick to conjure up the worst possible scenario I began imagining "Mexicon 2 — The Con With No Hotel" as 250 gringos wandered helpless in the streets of Birmingham totally at the mercy of Brummie Federales. I didn't look forward to the lynch mob that would greet me when I tried to initiate the Opening Ceremony in the middle of the Bull Ring Centre. It was not a pretty vision.

On arriving back in the U.K. I found that Mary Woodward was once again on her way to rescue us from the jaws of despair. So it was that Pam Wells and I found ourselves meeting Mary in Birmingham where we agreed on terms for use of our new Mexicon 2 hotel: The New Improved Royal Angus.

At this point most of you are thinking, "Oh yeah, the Royal Angus where Novacons used to be. That's an OK hotel." Well, I'm here to witness that it is now more than just an OK hotel. The New Improved Royal Angus really is new and improved. The Thistle Hotel group have been sinking mucho pesos into bringing their hotels up to even higher standards than before. By the time Mexicon 2 rolls around all the bedrooms and hall areas will be completely redecorated with a hair dryer and trouser press in every room! No more will fans be fated to wander con hotels with wet hair, or wrinkled trousers, a sight that has disturbed you in the past as much as it has me. The redecoration scheme has provided new function space as well, including two large board rooms and four smaller syndicate rooms which will be perfect for our workshops. There's even the addition of a roof-top garden lounge outside the glass door near the main function room. Not that I expect it to get much use in February, but it's nicer to look at than the ring road. Overall, I was impressed with the New Improved Royal Angus.

I think we've got ourselves a good deal in finding the Angus as a replacement for the Strathallan. We've got all the advantages of an as-new hotel (with hair dryers and trouser presses!) while maintaining the advantages of an experienced hotel staff who are used to the ways and hours of fans. Plus which, most of you are familiar with and like the layout of the Angus and though you lose the chance of smashing atoms in the round corridors of the Strathallan, you will be able to find your way around no matter how smashed your brain cells become, relying on primal faanish instincts of learned behaviour.

To recap the features of our New Improved Mexican Hotel:

- (1) Newly redecorated rooms (with hair dryer and trouser press as well as tea and coffee making facilities) for only £17.00/night/person for a twin or double room (a reduction on the rates the Strathallan offered) and £17.50 for a single room.
- (2) Room rate includes VAT and a breakfast/lunch voucher. If you miss breakfast at its usual time you can use your voucher for a lunch of equivalent value between 12.00 and 2.00 pm. Vegetarian alternatives will be available.
- (3) A no-smoking floor. The entire fourth floor is no smoking, so if you have respiratory problems or a sensitive nose you can request a no smoking room on a first come, first served basis.
- (4) The usual extended bar hours till 2.00 am will be available to all members, and later for residents as long as the demand exists.
- (5) A coffee serving area to be set up in some quiet corner for those who prefer to keep on a caffeine high.

**BOOK NOW.** Booking forms are available with this PR, and in order to get the room you want, you'll need to book as soon as possible. See the form for details. On the no-smoking floor there are 13 twins, 17 doubles and 10 singles. And the rest of the hotel provides 24 twins, 28 doubles and 26 singles. (If my maths is correct, that's a total of exactly 200 beds. — Ed.) If we overflow the Angus, members will be put up in the Grand with the same price arrangement.

— Linda K. Pickersgill

## Mexicon 2's Invited Guests

**JOAN AIKEN**

An introduction by MAUREEN PORTER

It was only recently that I discovered I'd grown up with Joan Aiken's work. As a child I never read her books but my earliest memories of Jackanory are peopled with Arabel and her raven, Mortimer; with Bonnie, Sylvia and the evil Miss Slighcarp, all strong vivid characters. Later there was Lucas and Anne-Marie, the main characters of Midnight is a Place. I was eighteen by this time, but the story worked on me as powerfully as had the others so many years previously. But it was only much later, just three years ago, that I discovered Joan Aiken to be the author in common to all these stories, and began to read her books seriously. I regret those twenty-something wasted years.

I'm impressed by Joan Aiken's versatility. On the one hand she can produce the



comic spectacle of Mortimer the Raven, reducing suburbia to total chaos with his unusual ways, always loyally supported by Arabel, yet she is equally capable of producing a story like The Shadow Guests, about a boy overshadowed by a family curse which has claimed his brother and mother and threatened by ancestral ghosts who want to kill him. It's almost certainly the most terrifying ghost story I've ever read.

Between these two extremes fall the five books which make up the Alternative England sequence, chronicling adventures in an England that looks not unlike our eighteenth century but in which the Stuart kings retained the throne of England, whilst the Hanoverians conspire to topple the rightful monarchy. The adventures are totally outrageous, completely improbable but I think this is where their strength lies. There is no need to question the possibility of these things happening for real; all that's required is to join in the fun. The plots are full of melodrama and unlikely coincidences but these never detract from the action, only enhance it and each book is a satisfying read.

Apart from that, the stories give us one of my favourite fictional female characters, the redoubtable Dido Twite, one of the most unlikely heroines around. She first appears described as "an unattractive brat" but as the stories progress she shows herself to be a clever and resourceful girl, managing to save the day in the nick of time, able somehow to foil the most dastardly Hanoverian plot, to make sure the villains get their come-uppance and that everybody else lives happily ever after. She's no lady but her tomboy ways, her dreadful curses surely make her a more attractive and believable character than many. In my mind she looms larger than life throughout the stories.

It's impossible to do Joan Aiken justice in the space of a few hundred words so I can only urge you to go down to the library or your local bookshop, look for her books and read them. It's worthwhile, believe me.

— Maureen Porter

"A CROSS BETWEEN CHARLES ADDAMS AND THE DT'S"

## **IAIN BANKS**

An introduction by PAUL KINCAID

Let me tell you the story of how Iain Banks was invited to Mexican 2. I first became aware of him when his first novel, The Wasp Factory, was published last year. Anyone who reads book reviews can hardly have missed the debut; it set the review columns buzzing like no other book I can remember. Just consider some of the quotations Futura have chosen to promote the paperback: "a bad dream of a book... There is something foreign and nasty here, an amazing new talent" (Punch). "It is a sick, sick world when the confidence and investment of an astute firm of publishers is justified by a work of unparalleled depravity... The majority of the literate public... will be relieved that only reviewers are obliged to look at any of it" (Irish Times). "As a piece of writing, The Wasp Factory soars to the level of mediocrity" (Times). "The lurid literary equivalent of a video nasty" (Sunday Express). And on, and on; there are three pages of such quotes at the beginning of the paperback, interlarded with extravagant praise. Reading the reviews I knew one thing: I must read this book. I also suspected that here was a writer exercising a vivid and original imagination the way science fiction writers are supposed to. Reading the book confirmed those suspicions. It is full of invention, not least the eponymous wasp factory, much of it edging over the bounds beyond reality and tinged with magic. It is also outrageous, unrelenting, unpleasant and very, very funny — or it is if you like the blackest of black humour. As The Scotsman said: "You can't laugh and throw up at the same time."

Earlier this year my thoughts about the science fictional aspects of his imagination were borne out with the publication of his second novel, Walking on Glass. In the book three separate stories are brought together, and one, in which Quiss and Ajayi play strange games in a strange castle with strange dwarf warders, is pure sf. Iain Banks began to seem like an interesting person to invite to a convention.

Then Rog Peyton met him at a promotional "do", and reported back that he was a funny speaker, very keen on sf, and interested in coming to a convention. What else could we do? That's why, at Mexicon 2, you can start getting to know the dark and nasty world of Iain Banks.

— Paul Kincaid

## GWYNETH JONES

An introduction by COLIN GREENLAND

"Colin can do a piece on Gwyneth Jones," they say. "But I'm always going on about Gwyneth Jones," I object feebly. They smile. "Oh, all right."

What do you need to know about Gwyneth Jones? Well, there's Divine Endurance, her 1984 novel, which is everything that science fiction ought to be and virtually never is. Then there's the next one, Escape Plans, which isn't out yet, though "The Intersection" (in the Women's Press anthology with the daft title) is a different version of the beginning of the novel. Set in a future India computerized into Morlocks and Eloi, Escape Plans is as dynamic an sf adventure as you could ask for. The end is pure Spielberg. It's a drama of information science and politics, about states of society and states of mind, states of ignorance and states of knowledge. It's also, apparently, an allegory of the New Testament, which escaped me completely.

(That wasn't what Gwyneth Jones told me when I asked her about it, by the way. She said, "Escape Plans is me being very simple and straightforward." I think she meant it. What is straightforward to Gwyneth Jones is sideways to everybody else. Thank goodness we meet such visionaries from time to time. You can meet this one at Mexicon 2. Be prepared for conversations that turn corners without signalling. Her mind is direct and clear, like clean water. This is equally disconcerting. Whether it will survive unmuddied the psychic corridors of Mexicon is an open question. Gwyneth assures me she enjoys getting up on a stage and making a fool of herself. I'm delighted by the prospect of the former, doubtful of the possibility of the latter.)

Divine Endurance; Escape Plans; and weren't there some before that? Phone her publisher, Allen & Unwin. "What can you tell me about Gwyneth's early books, the children's ones?" I ask Jane Johnson, now her editor (and mine). "Nothing," admits Jane. "The publicity department will be able to tell you something." "They can't," I say. "They sent me to you." Jane goes to poke around in the files of the venerable. Meanwhile I phone Macmillan.

Macmillan's publicity department aren't even aware they ever published Gwyneth Jones. Five years is a long time in publishing nowadays. But children's fiction editor Jenny Marshall obligingly climbs on her chair to dust off her predecessor's predecessor's papers. A picture begins to emerge of a completely separate career, a past concealed by our split-level fiction industry from reviewers like me, who blithered on about Divine Endurance as an astonishing first novel when it's actually her seventh.

Gwyneth Jones was born in Manchester in 1952, "of vaguely Welsh descent". In 1965 she decided to spell her name "Gwynedd", as if to make the Welshness less vague. The following year she won a children's short story competition in the Manchester Evening News. Later she went to Sussex University, suffered the statutory miserable year of teacher training, then returned to Brighton to sign on, and write. In 1977 her first



novel was published by Macmillan, as Water in the Air by Gwyneth A. Jones. It is set in Manchester, where the fish two children find expiring by a polluted stream turns out to be the Celtic Salmon of Knowledge. The reviewer for Growing Point magazine remarked "a particularised, circumstantial touch that makes the fantasy credible"; but Gwyneth's next two, The Influence of Ironwood (1978) and The Exchange (1979, still in print), were both "growing-up" mundane novels for young teenagers, with no fantastic element. That was to reappear in 1980, in Deer Hill, where children encounter prehistoric ghosts. Two other juveniles (by "Ann Halam") followed from Allen & Unwin: Ally, Ally, Aster (1981), wherein "shadows of witchcraft and the far-off past" begin to close upon Richard Pledge once a strange girl called Ally Shore moves in next door; and The Alder Tree (1982), which tells how, when Michael chopped down the dead old tree, something crawled out from underneath.

Somewhere around this time Gwyneth Jones went to live "for a while in the western parts of S. E. Asia". All I know about this is that when she came back she wrote Divine Endurance, which is simply the best sf novel in England today. There's no point in my trying to say anything more about it. Go and read it, if you haven't. Then come and meet the author.

— Colin Greenland

## ALAN MOORE

An introduction by LILIAN EDWARDS

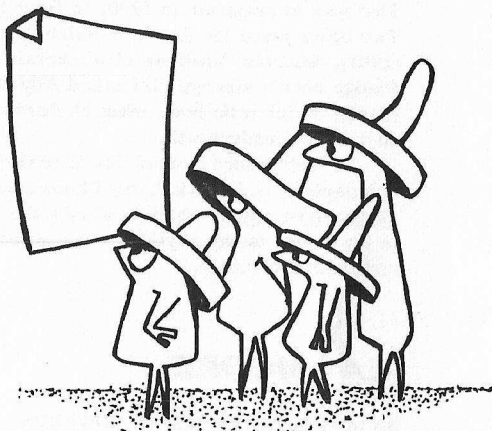
Most of the 10,000 or so introductions to Alan Moore that have been written in British and American comics fanzines in the last few years start by listing the man's achievements as acknowledgedly the finest wordsmith working in the comics field currently on this or any other side of the Atlantic. In the time-honoured chronological style of such introductions, they usually begin by recounting how he first worked as the artist/scripter of the anarchic and often hilarious strip for Sounds, The Stars My Degradation, moved on to various jobs for 2000 AD and British Marvel before definitively making his mark as the scripter of two very different strips for Dez Skinn's Warrior: Marvelman (currently being reincarnated in the US as Miracleman for unspeakable copyright reasons), a textbook example of how to write a straight superhero as a person without resorting to Claremontesque soap opera clichés; and V (no, nothing to do with those sexy reptilians), a chillingly dark portrayal of a future fascist Britain. In true rags-to-riches tradition, such introductions then conclude by noting that Moore's talent was quickly snapped up by the lucrative US market, where he is currently wowing the Eastern seaboard and scaring the hell out of Florida with his tour de force of horror, Swamp Thing as well as kibbitzing on the other current cult comic, American Flagg and threatening what promises to be the definitive Batman graphic novel; and that he has probably won more prestigious Eagle Awards than his window sill in Northampton can bear.

Most of the fewer introductions to Alan Moore written outside the comics genre — say, in artsy-fartsy convention Progress Reports — tend to skip the above tedious details and plunge straight into ecstasies about Moore's style: how he has more or less single-handedly revived the horror comic genre by writing stories that actually scare the shit out of the reader; how he effortlessly deals with philosophical and political concepts within the very limiting constraints of the hybrid visual medium of comics, neither as diatribe nor spoon-feeding for idiots, nor even ideological window-dressing; how his sheer manipulation of words can genuinely move the reader far more effectively than the work of most 'real' sf novelists.

This introduction, however, intends to have nothing to do with such pretentious

claptrap — as, of course, you can see. It merely proposes to inform you that Alan Moore is one of the most charismatic, overwhelming, generous people you could hope to come across at a convention — and that he is also, to my knowledge, the only Mexican guest to have recorded a song on the sinister behaviour of ducks. What better guest could there be for a convention on the Literature of Ideas?

— Lillian Edwards



## **FAN PROGRAMME** *and Other Things*

Well, we did our best to keep Mexicon's reputation as the British fan convention to ourselves — but someone forgot to make Avedon Carol and Lucy Huntzinger swear the blood-curdling elitist oath. As a result, we are going to be overrun with US fans this time — at least four of them, apart from the usual ex-pats. We will do our level best to make them pay for this unwarranted invasion by sticking them up on the platform for your entertainment and information as often as possible. And if you can't make it to the main hall, there's bound to be at least one each in the fanzine room and the bar.

Still, it should be a good dry run for '87. At the time of writing, the bidding session for that year's Worldcon is about to take place, and deadlines don't allow us to announce that Britain has won. So, with the flexibility for which Mexicon is renowned we have two plans. If we lose, Malcolm Edwards, el jefe of the Bidding Committee, will be ~~carried~~ *shoulder-high to loud cheers and the popping of champagne corks* made to account for his miserable failure; if we win, there will be A Panel, which will provide an opportunity to discuss how we coped with it all last time, whether we can cope this time and how things have changed since '79; make alarmist predictions; run a sweepstake on the next wave of international marriages, and so on.

Apart from these transatlantic echoes, there are the burning issues of the moment. Most of them will probably get aired at the great free-for-all discussion panel, but there's one question so overwhelming it gets a panel all to itself. Yes, folks, What is Fanwriting?

The stuff that goes into fanzines, you fool. What are fanzines? What you learn how to put together at the fanzine production workshop, of course. But if you're too idle to do your own, come to the fanzine room and fill your suitcase with other people's. Last Mexicon's fanzine pile was the delight of some people and the despair of others; let's make it even better this time. If you have any fanzines you can bear to part with, get them to me or to your nearest committee member, pronto. If you're producing a fanzine between now



and the con, please run off a few extras for Mexicon. And, needless to say, we're collecting extra-special rare fanzines, memorabilia, books and works of art (or nearly) for auction. Give generously and Greg will dream up a few choice insults just for you.

If you can't wait till February to find out what a fanzine is, never fear. A special bumper fanzine, with contributions from the entire committee (yes, really), will go on sale at Novacon. Mexicon needs the money and there will never be another fanzine like it. Buy, buy, buy.

There will be games and quizzes, to be announced in the next PR; and that's not by any means all — see next thrilling instalment. Lilian Edwards and Christina Lake are putting together the programme, with some rather languid assistance from me, and a fair bit of whip-cracking from Linda Pickersgill. They're also running the fanzine room, open till 10.00pm at least every night of the con. There will be people. There will be fanzines. There will be music. It will be compulsory to bop till you drop.

— Abigail Frost

## SHORT STORY WORKSHOP

Have you ever wondered what Milford is like? Ever fancied a taste of the famous Clarion workshop? Well, now's your chance. Lisa Tuttle, Clarion graduate and current chairman of the British Milford Science Fiction Writers' Conference, is running a special short story workshop at Mexicon 2. It'll be run along Milford lines, and this is your opportunity to join in, talk about your writing, and pick up tips and pointers from Lisa Tuttle.

There are still a few places available, but to allow the workshop to run properly we have to limit the numbers. It's first come, first served, so make sure of your place by posting the application today.

- \* Participants may submit 1 story only. Maximum 5,000 words. Stories must be science fiction.
- \* Anyone registered for the workshop must send one typewritten copy of their story to the address below, to arrive not later than 31 October 1985. The stories will then be copied, and one copy of each story will be sent to every participant to allow plenty of time for a thorough consideration before the workshop.
- \* A fee of £2.50 will be charged to cover the cost of copying and postage. Any sum remaining will be reimbursed to participants at Mexicon 2.
- \* Cheques should be made payable to Paul Kincaid and should accompany the coupon below. The address to send it to is:

Paul Kincaid, 114 Guildhall Street, Folkestone, Kent CT20 1ES.

I wish to register for the Short Story Workshop at Mexicon 2. I enclose a cheque for £2.50 to cover administrative costs.

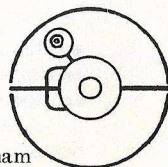
Name (block capitals) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Mexicon 2 Membership Number \_\_\_\_\_

## Members

List complete from end of PR2 listing, to 9.9.85.



129. Martin Hoare	143. Michael Bernardi	158. Jackie Gresham
130. Katie Hoare	144. Gwyneth Jones	159. Michael Abbott
131. Ros Calverley	145. Ted White	160. Bernie Peek
132. Andrew Hewit	146. Steve Gallagher	161. Steve Bull
133. Ian Bambro	147. Iain Banks	162. Graham Head
134. Pauline Morgan	148. Ms. B.A. Blackburn	163. Larry Van Der Putte
135. Joyce Slater	149. Mark Greener	164. David Elworthy
136. Ian Williams	150. Rosemary Tracey	165. Lucy Huntzinger
137. Roger Campbell	152. Janet Stevenson	166. Avedon Carol
138. Denise Atkinson	153. Martin Tudor	167. Victoria Taylor
139. David Swinden	154. Geoff Ryman	168. James Greer
140. Ian Maule	155. Lisa Tuttle	169. Joan Aiken
141. Janice Maule	156. Malcolm Hodkin	170. Sue Thomason
142. Elizabeth Sourbut	157. Mike Dickinson	

## Tynecon II - The Mexican: ACCOUNTS

(Editorial note: These accounts were finalized in December 1984; they are published now because of lack of space in previous Mexican 2 Progress Reports.)

### INCOME

Registration fees	1253.00
Auction	262.75
Advertising fees	120.00
Bookroom tables	88.00
Sale of badges and raffles	137.40
Fanzine room	18.42
Donations	25.00
Commission at Auction	8.91
P. A. team donation	7.60
Bank account interest	13.54

TOTAL £1934.62

### EXPENDITURE

Hotel	350.00
Films	299.86
Authors' costs	252.00
Programme Book	165.00
Insurance	50.00
P. A. hire	95.00
Play contribution	80.00
Total postage	88.38
Disco	50.00
Fanthology cost	91.50
Van hire + travelling costs	80.00
Punch	54.80
Speakers', panellists'	
beverages at convention	59.80
Cactus Times	25.40
Badges	20.00
Slides	20.00
Advertising	16.23
Progress reports	10.00
Typing - Programme Book	20.00
Envelopes	7.12
Acetates and flip charts	13.00
Bank charges	6.53
Prizes	80.00

£1934.62

Sue Williams, (Treasurer,  
Tynecon II - The Mexican),  
19 Jesmond Dene Rd.,  
Newcastle upon Tyne NE2 3QJ.